

2Pac Lyrics

"16 On Death Row"

Death Row, that's where mothafuckas is endin' up

Dear mama, I'm caught up in this sickness
I robbed my adversaries but slipped and left a witness
Wonder if they'll catch me, or will this nigga snitch?
Should I shoot his bitch or make the nigga rich
Don't wanna commit murder, but damn, they got me trapped
Hawkin' while I'm walkin' and talkin' behind my back
I'm kind of schizophrenic, I'm in this shit to win it
'Cause life's a Wheel of Fortune, here's my chance to spin it
Got no time for cops, who trip and try to catch me
Too fuckin' trigger-happy to let them suckers snatch me
Niggas gettin' jealous, tryin' to find my stash
Whip out the 9, now [?] pump your ass
Peter picked a pepper, but I can pick a punk
Snatched him like a bitch and threw him in the trunk
The punk thought I was bluffin', but swear I'm nothin' nice
Before I take your life, first wrestle with these mites
I listened to his screams, until he went insane
I guess the little mites had finally found his brain
New Rovers pull me over, I'm sentenced to the pen
Remember that little bird? He snitched and told a friend
It's trouble on my mind, I'm with the old-timers
And fuck five-0! Blaow, blaow! Turn 'em into forty-niners

Bye bye, I was never meant to live
Can't be positive when the ghetto's where you live
Bye bye, I was never meant to be
Livin' like a thief, runnin' through the streets
Bye bye, and I got no place to go
Where they find me; 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, these cops don't understand me
I turned to a life of crime, 'cause I came from a broken family
My uncle used to touch me, I never told you that
Scared what you might do, I couldn't hold you back
I kept it deep inside, I done let it fuel my anger
I'm down for all my homies, no mercy for a stranger
The brother in my cell is 16 as well
It's hard to adapt when you're black
And you're trapped in a living hell
I shouldn't have let him catch me
Instead of livin' sad in jail I could've died free and happy
And my cellmate's raped on the norm
And passed around the dorm
You can hear his asshole gettin' torn
They made me an animal, can't sleep
Instead of countin' sheep, niggas countin' cannibals
And that's how it is in the pen
Turn old and cold, and your soul is your best friend

My mama, pray for me; tell the Lord to make way for me
Prepare any day for me (Why?)
'Cause when they come for me they find a struggler
To the death I take the breath from your jugular
The trick is to never lose hope
I found my buddy hangin' dead from a rope; 16 on Death Row

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Dear mama, they sentenced me to death
Today's my final day, I'm countin' every breath
I'm bitter 'cause I'm dying, so much I haven't seen
I know you never dreamed your baby would be dead at 16
I got beef with a sick society
That doesn't give a shit
And they too quick to say goodbye to me
They tell me the preacher's there for me
He's a crook with a book
That mothafucka never cared for me
He's only here to be sure I don't drop a dime to God
About the crimes he's committin' on the poor
And how can these people judge me?
They ain't my peers, and in all these years
They ain't never love me
I never got to be a man, must be part of some big plan
To keep a nigga in the state pen
And to my homies out buryin' mothafuckas
Steer clear of these Aryan mothafuckas
'Cause once they got you locked up
They got you trapped, you're better off gettin' shot up
I'm convinced self-defense is the way
Please, stay strapped, pack a gat every day
I wish I would've known while I was out there
Now I'm straight headin' for the chair

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16 on Death Row, Death Row
Death Row, Death Row
16 on Death Row, Death Row, Death Row
It's to all my partners
In the penitentiaries; 16 on Death Row

